Northern Messenger

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

What Hast Thou in Thy Hand?

(The Rev. A. B. Simpson, in the 'Alliance News.')

What is that in thy hand,
Moses? A simple rod.
Use it for Him and earth shall shake
Before the march of God.

What is that in thy hand,
Gideon? A soldier's sword.
Wield it and for thy country win
The battle of the Lord.

What is that in thy hand,
Stranger? A ploughman's goad.
Use it and Israel's foes will flee
Before thee, like a flood.

What hast thou in thy hand,
David? A shepherd's sling.
Use it and glorious victory
To Israel thou shalt bring.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Widow? A pot of oil.
Go, pour it out, and find a store
Of rich and glorious spoil.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Woman? One handful more.
Go feed the prophet and 'twill last
Till famine days are o'er.

What hast thou, little lad?
Some loaves and fishes small.
Give them to Him and they will be
Enough for thee and all.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Mary? Some perfume rare.
Pour it upon His head, 'twill flow
In fragrance everywhere.

And Dorcas, what hast thou?
A needle, and some thread.
Give them to God, they yet shall grow
And bring thee from the dead.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Widow? Two mites; no more.
Give them to God, they yet shall grow
To be a mighty store.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Mother? A baby's hand.
Train it for Him, so shall thy life
Bear fruit in every land.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Writer? A common pen.
Use it to write His messages
Upon the hearts of men.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Teacher? A child's young mind.
Teach it to live for God and man,
So shalt thou bless mankind.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Toiler? A workman's tool.
Work like the Carpenter, and find
Thy task God's training school.

And sister, what hast thou?
An apron and a broom.
Do thy work well, some day, perhaps,
Thou'lt keep His Palace Home.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Preacher? The Word of God.
Shed forth its light until its beams
Shall light the earth abroad.

What hast thou in thy hand,
A Censer filled with prayer.
Send up the incense till it fall
In blessing everywhere.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Steward? Some previous gold.
Give it to God, it will return
In wealth of joy untold.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Sinner? Another day—
Use it to find thy God before
Thy season pass away.

Wait not- O man—to find
Some call to summons grand.
Give back what God to thee has given.
What hast thou in thy hand?

Speaking-trumpet Salvation.

The report of the Italian Government describing a great shipwreck said: 'A large ship was seen coming to shore last night; we endeavored to give every assistance through the speaking-trumpet; nevertheless, 401 bodies were washed ashore this morning.' That shows the futility of attempting to save men by speech. It is not the whole truth, but it is a part of the truth. In saving men it is very often a life for a life; you have to give your life to the men whom you are trying to better. About the least Christian act a man can do for his brother man is to talk about Christianity; the case is of a man laying down his life as Christ laid down his life.—Drummond.

Through Suffering.

(M. B. Davidson.)

Flames, and the fire, and the angry smoke,
  Kiss of a furnace hot,
Trial, and tert, and the hammer's stroke,
  By these is the metal wrought;
Only thus is it fit to bear
  The impress of a king—
Changed into gold all pure and fair,
  Made perfect through suffering.

Hunger, and exile, and visage bowed,
  Cup of Gethsemane,
Cross, and the curse of a careless crowd,
  Torment of Calvary,
But the comfort of consolation
  Only thus to a world could He bring—
That Captain of our Salvation,
  Made perfect through suffering.

Darkness, and gloom, and doubt, my child,
  Clouds, and the end of day,
Tears, and the dread of the lonesome wild,
  Thorns, and a weary way,
Burdens, and fears, and a starless night,
  And the scoffs the scorners fling,—
Only by these can you reach the height
  Made perfect through suffering.

Others may climb by the smoother road;
  But for Christ, and the gold, and you,
A cross, a furnace, another's load,
  If the metal would all ring true.
For only those who have proved their worth
  Shall stand before their King,
Heroes—the tested and tried of earth,
  Made perfect through suffering.

—Selected.

Reasons for Lean Christians.

They own Bibles, but feast on newspapers.

They sing about peace, but do not surrender to get it.

They pray that the kingdom of heaven may come, but block the way by worldly living.

They listen to sermons on unselfishness, but pamper themselves on food and dress.

They wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them.

They praise Christ with their lips, but declare the things he did to be wholly impracticable now.—Selected.

Why?

Mr. Harold Spender, the Alpine climber, in his book on the High Pyrenees, tells of an unexpected climax to one of his feats.

With two companions he had scaled one of the most difficult peaks, and descending, found refuge from the storm and night in the chalet of a goatherd. The three men, half frozen, and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with triumph, crouched before the fire.

The goatherd's wife, a dull old woman, stood looking at them silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word—

'Pourquoi?' (Why?)

Mr. Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise on each face. They had risked health and strength and life itself. 'Why?' What had they gained?

There was no answer. The one word struck like a blank wall across their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger.

There are other heights in the world besides those in the Alps, which men try to scale to as little purpose, barren heights, at the top of which is neither profit nor honor.—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

Cause for Rejoicing.

In a certain city the singing at a religious service disturbed some of the weak-nerved neighbors, and they petitioned against its continuance.

In that neighborhood lived a Jew whose signature they confidently expected. So they first secured the endorsement of all the Gentiles who, of course, to the Jew were nominally Christians. When they approached the Jew, to their surprise he refused to sign.

'These people,' he said, 'believe that their Christ has come, and are rejoicing over it, and persuading others to believe it. If I believed that my Christ had come, I should sing louder than they do, and should move heaven and earth to make everyone else believe it.'—*The* 'Temperance Leader.'

'Let Us Not Do This.'

'But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied.' Just so God's purposes are often hastened, apparently, by the blind fury and opposition of men. In the anti-foreign outbreaks in China in 1900 a mob of infuriated Boxers destroyed an American mission station only to discover that the missionaries proposed to rebuild on a still larger scale. As the new structure rose above the ruins of the old there were many angry threats of destruction, but the counsel of one wise man prevailed. 'Listen to me,' he said. 'Let us not do this. At first the Christians built but one story; now they are building two stories; if we destroy again they will build to the sky.'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

A TRIP AND ITS INCIDENTS.

Our recent government trip in spite of several mishaps on a minor scale, ended successfully. We cruised all along the South Labrador coast to the Canadian boundary, and across and back along the North Newfoundland coast to our hospital—though the finish was not as triumphant as our pride could have made us desire.

On the other hand the trip had been the most enjoyable that I have had for many a long day. Our absolute dependence on the affection and hospitality of our people, the longer time we felt justified in delaying our small boat at each place, the more constant call on our capacities to act quickly and wisely, and the sensation of being ten years younger all made us taste again some of the sweetest things life offers. We get laid on the shelf so quickly as the rolling years go by. We had during our trip nearly brought to a finish the new little nurse's house and station at Forteau, Labrador, a place which is central for many people, and at which we learnt the great value of a trained nurse, when a plucky volunteer from the staff of the Johns Hopkins Hospital nurses came and put in some months there two years ago. We had visited on our trip the co-operative stores at Four Stations. Two of these are new—the movement now spreading with considerable zeal. One new store has enlisted nearly every family round, and though the capital in cash was small, there were 1,000 qtls. of fish between the members ready for shipment as their first co-operative cargo. The other stores were all doing well, but a bad catastrophe has overtaken us here, my largest schooner, the 'Edward Blake,' was caught in a heavy breeze and driven ashore and broken to matchwood, with all her cargo of provisions. Fortunately she was partially covered by insurance, but it is very late in the year. It is dispiriting, to say the least of it, to have to fit out and send another vessel, as we have to hire one, and the fish will be a couple of months later coming to a falling and glutted market.

There is no squealing, however, on the part of the men. A sailor's life in these parts inures men's minds to all kinds of disappointments, and with a true resignation, and not a cold fatalism, our men are actually able to regard even these houses as His appointments who acts always for our good. This is simple fact, and not sentiment or cant—I have known more men than one in my professional career die of anxiety for worries and losses which never deprive them of sufficient sugar in their tea—men who would have done well to come and take a lesson from our men—who, doing their business in great waters, are able to see in adversity even 'His' wonders in the deep. The preparation for some simple Christmas pleasures for these far-off children has also been a part of our programme that we took on us as essentially missionary and worthy of time—valuable as that is here. The doctor who limits the influences of his life on his people to the dosing them with drugs and the excising of tumors, misses half his capacity for usefulness. We have seen more difference accruing to the condition of a whole household through an enlarged vision of the happiness in reach of them, than ever from the severest tracts on what not to do. A little trouble on the nurse's part to help make a home at Christmas bright and worthy of a Christmas tree has left an ambition, which one would scarcely credit to a wax doll, and a few gay trinkets and toys. But this message of encouragement and the undeniable assurance of a friend at hand, is more potent in some cases, than carbolic, sulphur formalin and lessons on hygiene all rolled into a bunch. It is a much more truly human, perhaps I should say divine, message to carry, being much more naturally pleasing to the bearer of it. So we consider the dolls and toys so kindly sent us are true sermons, and we just love to be preaching them.

These material messages have freed the stammering lips of some I know to speak of the great revelation of God's love that we who have faith commemorate at Christmas with the eloquence of a heart warmed by the new vision of joy they were able themselves to thus give—a capacity till then not realized or dreamt of—and thus the key to a true sphere of great usefulness in life has been the somewhat diffident carrying of 'a wax dolly to a child.' One odd thing occurred as we raced back along the straits in our fast little craft. A stronger breeze than we wished for arose behind us, adding still more to our speed—now and again we came across a great cloud of wild ducks disporting in the shallower water near land. So suddenly did we fall on them that they were at first bewildered, losing a few moments very precious to them. Sometimes we would be so near before they made us out they dare not fly towards us, and they could not rise down wind. These heavy birds have to face the wind power to enable them, like kites, to rise from the water. The pleasant result to us was that we had a good bagful to carry to our friends at hospital and orphanage when at last our dilatory boat was brought home.

W. T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—James Swift, Sask Centre, Minn., 75cts.; Hugh McIntosh, Moose Creek, Ont., $4.00; Helping Hands Mission Band, Knox Church, Cornwall, per R. D. Harkness, secretary, $3.10; A Friend, Eaton, 50cts.; Alex. M. Mitchell, Rosthern, Sask., $2.00; A Friend, $2.00; Total.$ 12.35

Received for the cots:—C. W. Baker, Ealing, Ont., $1.00; Stephen, Clarence, Alice and Maggie Swan, Tweedside, N.B., $1.00; W. J. Galbraith, New Flos, Ont., $1.00; A. M. and T. B., $2.00; Helping Hands Mission Band, Knox Church, Cornwall, $5.00; Miss Baird's Class, St. Andrew's Sunday School, Stratford, Ont., $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 12.00

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Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,531.32

Total received up to Dec. 22.. ..$ 1,558.77

We have also received the following sums for other specified objects in connection with Dr. Grenfell's work:

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Brewster, Hopewell, N.B.. .. .. $5.00

'In memory of dear mother'.. .. .. .. 1.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1909.

The Beginning of the Christian Church.

Acts ii., 32-42. Memory verses 32, 33. Read Acts ii., 22-47.

Golden Text.

They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of bread, and in prayers. Acts ii., 42.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 11.—Acts ii., 22-36.
Tuesday, January 12.—Acts ii., 37-47.
Wednesday, January 13.—Psalm 16.
Thursday, January 14.—Hebrews 1.
Friday, January 15.—Isa. lv., 6-13.
Saturday, January 16.—Rom. x., 1-13.
Sunday, January 17.—Eph. iv., 1-15.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

You all of you come to Sunday School regularly, don't you? and some of you come to church regularly, too. When you get older you will all come to church as well as Sunday School, won't you? What book do you study at Sunday School? The Bible, of course. That is divided into two parts, what we call the Old and New Testaments. The Old Testament was written by men who lived hundreds of years before Christ came to earth, and the New Testament was written after Christ died and had gone to Heaven. Do you know about how many years ago it was that Christ came and taught on earth? The date of our new year is 1909, so, as we date time from the birth of Jesus, it is about 1900 years since then, isn't it? For the last two Sundays we have been studying, then, about what happened nearly 1900 years ago, after Christ had gone into Heaven and the disciples were left on earth. They didn't have churches like we have, then, and they didn't have a Bible like ours except just the Old Testament part of it, but they had been Jesus Christ's friends when He was here on earth; they had walked about with Him and seen all the wonderful things that He did and how good and kind and powerful He was, so they used to tell all about Him and it is from what they wrote and taught others that we get what we call our New Testament. Last Sunday's lesson told about the coming of God's Holy Spirit to help the disciples, and then Peter preached the first sermon that we have any record of, and we learn that thirty thousand people were converted, that is, they believed in Jesus as their Saviour, were sorry for their sins, wanted to live a new life in God's service and were baptized. Here were all these people, but they didn't have any church or Sunday School, they didn't have any story of Christ's life to read as we have in our Bible, and they had only heard one sermon, so what did they do to learn more about Jesus? Why, they used to come to the disciples to be taught just as you come to Sunday School, and they used to come regularly, too, for that is what our golden text tells us. Don't you think it would have been very interesting to have Peter sitting there and telling you about how Jesus fed five thousand people one time on a mountain, or any of the other wonderful stories we have in the Bible?

FOR THE SENIORS.

A study of that first marvellous sermon in the history of the church, spoken under the direct and fresh impulse of God's Holy Spirit, never fails to induce admiration for its power, its appositeness, its strict grasp of the subject, its fearlessness. There is little wonder that such a preacher and such a sermon reached the hearts of the people. Christ had said 'and I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.' Peter here showed Him 'lifted up' not only on the cross by the hands of wicked men (verse 23), but by God's right hand to the place of power in Heaven (verses 32, 33). It was Christ and Him crucified, Christ the fulfiller of prophecy, Christ the Son of God, Christ the Lord of all, whom Peter again lifted up before the eyes of the people, and the Word of God, indeed, proved itself 'sharper than a two-edged sword' pricking the hearts and consciences of the people and stirring them to repentance and acknowledgement of their new found Lord. The early church is still the ideal. There was union, study, prayer, generosity, love, and public avowal of their faith. No matter how far we may have advanced beyond the stage of development of the world at that time, we have not found any weapons more true and powerful than these in the work of the church; we have not 'advanced' without them except to our own serious hurt and weakness. The apostolic church of simplicity, earnestness, and missionary zeal is the church that would triumph over all obstacles to-day, and give us indeed 'the world for Christ' if we would only take it for our example. Had the development of the church continued along the lines upon which the enthusiasm and love of the apostles started it, we would not to-day sorrow for a 'darkest Africa' speak of the 'yellow peril,' or see in our own Empire the distress and trouble of a heathen India. The church has the remedy for the world's ills in her hands. God has placed it there in trust, yet for centuries she has only grudgingly stirred herself to give it out to the nations lying in darkness. Now we are in a better day. The last century has been one of triumphant missionary endeavor. Let us see that we are in line, that we once again live and work in the spirit of the early church.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 38.—Says an Old English Homily: 'The first thesis of the famous ninety that Luther nailed to the door of the church at Wittenberg declared that 'When our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, says Repent, He means that the whole life of the believers should be a constant and perpetual repentance.' It is not enough to say of a past that has been full of rebellion and selfishness, that we are sorry; the after life must unceasingly bring forth fruits worthy of repentance.

Repentance is a true turning unto God whereby men, forsaking utterly their idolatry and wickedness, do with a lively faith embrace, love, and give themselves to all manner of good works, which by God's word they know to be acceptable unto Him. Now there be four parts of repentance: contrition, confession, faith, amendment of life.'

42. 'They continued in the apostles' teaching.' The prominence of teaching among the Jews was due to their possession of written scriptures. The scriptures contained their law and rule of life, social and civil, as well as religious, and so their interpretation was a matter of supreme importance. Learned students of the law became rabbis or teachers, who expounded the scriptures and taught publicly; they were surrounded by classes of disciples and formed different schools of interpretation. The Christian society first appeared as such a school. The Lord was a great Teacher or Rabbi who taught with authority. He was the Master surrounded by His pupils. And when He was taken away the apostles took His place as teachers. They taught publicly, having a place of teaching in the temple, and were recognized as rabbis, although they taught in an untechnical manner.—R. B. Rackham, in Commentary on the Acts.

It is estimated that there are to-day fifteen hundred million people in the world, and that about one-third of them are Christians. Of course these five hundred million nominal Christians are not all loyal followers of Christ, but the figures show how the knowledge of Christ has been extended over the earth. The work yet to be done is enormous, but far less difficult than that already accomplished. Protestant missions are only a century old. After a half century of work there were few mission stations far from the coasts of foreign fields. Now, according to Beach's 'Geography of Protestant Missions,' there are about six thousand principal mission stations and twenty-two thousand out-stations, with over sixteen thousand missionaries, and the number has been increased in the years since that book was published. In September, 1807, Robert Morrison landed in China, the first Protestant missionary there. In all that vast country there was not one native Christian; to-day there are three-quarters of a million Christian Chinese. Similar has been the work accomplished in other lands.

Whoever introduces into the public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world.—Benjamin Franklin.

A new life is the best and most sublime penitence.—Martin Luther.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 17.—Topic—The story of the day of Pentecost. Acts ii., 1-11.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 11.—The burden of sin. Ex. v., 4-9.

Tuesday, January 12.—The awakened conscience. Acts ii., 37-42.

Wednesday, January 13.—The flight from danger. Gen. xix., 15-22.

Thursday, January 14.—Grace opens a way. Matt. xi., 28-30.

Friday, January 15.—What a pilgrim gives up. Phil. iii., 4-11.

Saturday, January 16.—What a pilgrim has in view. 1. Pet. i., 3-9.

Sunday, January 17.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. 1. Leaving the City of Destruction. Acts xvi., 25-34.

I believe we are making progress in Sunday School work. If the crude past is an indicator for the future, if the future lines of progress are to be judged by the success of the past, then we need not be alarmed with regard to the future of the Sunday School movement. A careful observer cannot fail to have seen that the Divine hand is holding the reins, therefore there is nothing to fear.—'S. S. Teacher.'

Proper system of grading. A friend wrote me recently, saying: He has three children attending Sunday School. All are placed in the baby class. One child is in the third grade in the day school, the other in the second and the third is the baby. Imagine the system,—all in the baby class.—'S. S. Teacher.'

Urge the importance of a definite aim. Do not be satisfied with simply getting through with the lesson during the thirty minutes assigned but have a definite aim with each lesson and concerning each pupil. Remember always that you are seeking to win souls for Christ. The work the Master has assigned us is indeed a most beautiful and inviting one, the work of carrying life to others. He has made their hearts receptive and has commissioned us to take to them the life-giving Christ. Shall these lives have no future promises because of failure on our part?—'S. S. Teacher.'

FORWARD EVER

The boys who have sold the Christmas Number of the 'Pictorial' have made a 'good thing' of it for themselves—and for their friends. Those who did not missed a good opportunity. But once gone, it never comes again. The next thing is to look forward to the next opportunity and seize it ere it passes. The January Number of the 'Pictorial' will be a very attractive one—with a crisp, snappy winter atmosphere about it, and as such a capital New Year's greeting to send abroad.

A good old rollicking English song (words and music) and a $1,500.00 prize story should make it a splendid seller at the old price of Ten cents a copy. A package of only six copies sold would secure a nice premium—a watch for twenty, etc., etc. Boys (or girls, if they choose), who have never tried to earn any of our splendid premiums can have a package of the January Number to start their sales on as well as our full premium list of cameras, knives, watches, etc., etc. by sending a postcard to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Temperance

What Waits the True?

(Anita Stuart, in the 'Temperance Leader.')

What guerdon waits the brave and true
Who face the foe,
Who ever seek the right to do,
The truth to know?

Who dare, for their dear native land,
And for her right,
For truth and liberty to stand,
For God to fight.

Who strive their fellowmen to save
From evil's reign.
This waits for them—no service brave
Can be in vain.

The things of earth with earth pass by
And wrong shall fail.
Truth is of God, and cannot die,
But must prevail.

The Pity of It!

'Won't you come home with me, Tom, dear? You've really drunk enough.'

It was a woman who spoke, a woman poorly clad, but in whose face there were yet traces of a beauty that spoke of happier days.

'Won't you come home, Tom?' she repeated, and in the tired blue eyes tears glistened that overflowed the pale, wan cheeks. On the finger of the hand that lay trembling on the man's arm was a little band of gold that told that she was his wife.

The crowd which stood by in the flickering electric lights of the saloon, jeered the woman and told the man to brace up; to have more backbone.

The man, with a scowl, turned round and with an oath told the woman to go about her business.

'But, Tom,' and she came nearer to the brute. 'Baby is sick and wants to see you. Won't you come with me?'

The mention of the child brought for an instant another light into the man's eyes, seeing which the bar-keeper placed a bottle of liquor before him. It accomplished its purpose.

'Go home, I tell you,' he commanded, and the woman's hand was thrown off violently and rudely. 'Go home. You have no business here. I wish to God you would die, too, on your way there.'

A groan from the woman's lips was the only answer, but for a moment it silenced the rough crowd accustomed to such sights. Then the door opened and out into the blackness of the night passed the wife and mother.

Another chapter in two lives had been enacted.—The 'Union Signal.'

Unhealthy Condition of the Liquor Trade.

The increased liquor tax or license for the sale of liquor in the borough of Manhattan is $1,200. This increase went into effect on May 1, 1903. The receipts from the territory embraced within New York County for the year ending April 30, were $7,156,007.

This year the receipts from the same source since May 1, up to date are $100,000 more than those of last year. The 'Sun' draws from this increase in the number of licensed places in the borough of Manhattan the conclusion 'that the liquor trade in Manhattan is now profitable, in spite of the increased tax. Upon this the editor of the 'Wine and Spirit Gazette' says:

'The truth is that the liquor trade in Manhattan is in a very unhealthy condition. It is not prosperous. The brewers own probably more than three-fourths of the saloons in Manhattan. They hold the leases of the places, have chattel mortgages on the fixtures and are the real owners of the licenses, for which they have advanced the money. The saloonkeeper who stands behind the bar of these places is a mere retainer of the brewer. He may have invested a few hundred dollars in the place, but he is virtually a slave of the brewer.

'The condition is little better in other cities of the Union. A prominent retail liquor dealer of Detroit, Mich., complains in 'Truth,' a liquor journal published in that city, that the brewers say that the class of saloonkeepers has degenerated. Who is responsible? Why, the brewers themselves. They have put a lot of bums in the business, whose licenses they pay.

'The liquor traffic which is staggering along under a heavy burden of local, State and national taxation is not prosperous. It is in a very unsatisfactory and unhealthy condition.'

Hurtin' Bizness.

'Don't you know you're hurtin' bizness,' said
the red fox to the hound,
'When instead of sleepin' peaceful you come
snoopin', sniffin' round?
What's the good of all your barkin'? What's
the use of all this fuss?
'What were chickens ever made for if they
weren't made for us?'

'Can't you see you're hurtin' bizness?' said
the South Sea savage chief
To the fearless missionary who was sitting
on the reef;
'I have seven white men captured that I
want to sell as meat;
'What were white folks ever made for if they
weren't made to eat?'

'Don't you know you're hurtin' bizness?' said
the robber in the jail
While the stubborn sheriff listened to his almost tearful tale;
'Those who make and sell the jimmies, don't
you see, are losin' trade
While you foolishly confine me where no getaways are made?'

'Can't you see you're hurtin' bizness?' said
the devil to the man
Who was steadily progressing on the live-and-let-live plan;
'You are keepin' men from fallin' who, if
sorely pressed, might fall;
Why, if all men done as you do I would have
no job at all.'

—Chicago 'Record-Herald.'

Alcohol and Heredity.

Dr. Mary Sturge, of Birmingham, England, widely known as an authority on child training, is preparing a book in collaboration with Sir Victor Hardey on the subject of imbecility and alcohol. Dr. Sturge holds that mental dulness amounting to incompetency exists to a startling extent among the children of parents who drink alcoholic liquors to excess.

In France forty-one percent of the imbecile infants were the offspring of drunken parents, and among twenty thousand children of drunken parents examined in New York fifty-three percent were dullards. The children of abstaining parents showed a similar percentage of only ten percent.

Yet more astonishing results were found upon tracing the family history of 3711 children through these generations. Only four percent of the children of abstaining parents and abstaining grandparents were dullards, while of the children of abstaining parents and drinking grandparents, seventy-eight percent were dullards.—'Morning Star.'

The Best Liquor.

'Give us a glass of your best liquor,' said a drunkard as he entered a shop. The shopkeeper filled a glass and gave it to him. The toper, without noticing it, dashed it down his throat. He soon began to taste and taste, seemingly not exactly satisfied.

'What's the matter?' said the shopkeeper; 'wasn't it good?'

'Why, yes, it was good enough, but it seems to me it wasn't very strong. What kind of liquor was it?'

'Cold water,' was the reply; 'that's the best liquor we have in the shop, and I believe it is the best in town. As for any other kind we have not got any, for I left off selling strong drink some time ago. So you've saved your money, and you'll feel better for it afterward.'

'Well,' said the toper, 'if this isn't a regular take-in; but I believe it, sir, you're right. And, as you don't charge anything for your liquor, I have a good mind to be your customer and see if I can't get rid of my headache and sore eyes.'

—The 'Little Christian.'

Not Innocent.

The use of liquor is declared by many people to be innocent. Its abuse, they say, is what is evil. But the trouble with the use of liquor is that it runs so easily to abuse. The abuse of reading, of conversation, of exercise, are all evils, but they are not such evils, nor are they so likely evils, as the curse of the abuse of liquor. All those who are now guilty of this abuse never intended to go too far when they began. They set out to use it in moderation. Why will young men be so foolish as to think that they can use temperately what so many stronger men have been unable to stop short of abusing intemperately?—Selected.

A Bishop Taken to a Drink-saloon.

Mrs. Agnew, a lady missionary from Zanzibar, said at a meeting recently: 'The boys of Zanzibar are paid a small sum for taking visitors to the infamous drinking-saloons, and therefore they are glad to introduce people to these places. One day Bishop Tucker asked a boy to take him to the "Strangers' Rest," but the boy did not understand his instructions, or else he was so used to conducting visitors to less helpful places that, instead of conducting the Bishop there, he led him to the saloon. Of course, he soon told the boy that was not what he wanted, and at length came to the "Rest" that he had set out to visit.'

'Vote for Me, Father!'

(By Amos Wells.)

'Say, father, how are you going to vote?'
'Twas a child's bright word, and he could not
note
How the red blood mantled his father's face
As he clasped the bairn in a close embrace;
But he prattled on in his childish glee,
'Say, father, why don't you vote for me?'

Out of the door strode the father fast,
And never a glance behind him cast,
And on to his place at the polls he went;
But the words the boy spoke were surely
meant
By God above to follow him there,
For they haunted his steps like a mother's
prayer.

'Vote for me, father!' the bells rang out;
'Vote for me!' sounded the school-boy's
shout;
'Vote for me!' came from the rum-seller's
door
In the oaths he had never thus heard before.
At last, with a smile, he whispered low:
'If I vote for my boy, I can only vote NO!'

Support the Best.

As long as good people will prefer to patronize newspapers and magazines that carry liquor advertising just so much longer will it take to turn the public mind against the traffic. No publication is perfect and as no two blades of grass, no two people are alike, opinions must vary and the best papers will have their critics. The question before every reader is not, however, 'Which is the perfect paper? I'll take it or none!' But 'Which is the best paper? I'll take it till I know a better!' And the best paper or magazine can easily be discovered if you put it in the right scales, or wear the right kind of glasses. Bulk does not count for much; a great big paper like a great big man may be wicked at heart, and in a very insidious way be an influence for harm in the home. But such a man would not be admitted, much less welcomed. Why should we not be even more careful about a paper or magazine that comes regularly into our homes?

You make no mistake in taking the 'Witness.' For further particulars and clubbing offers, see another page.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Still our league is growing, and as the names come in week by week, they bring a very real pleasure with them. So many workers on the bright side of things all over Canada—how nice it is to think that you are one of them. Our new, and old members, too, are anxious for the pledge cards and badges, and they are carrying our colors broadcast.

We have fairly entered on a new year now, but it is not too late to make good use of 'a suggestion for a happy new year' which the editor came across this past week. It's right along our own league lines of effort.

'Suppose we think little about number one,
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one "just for the joke";
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!'

The new members are: Margaret J. B. Erskine, V., B.C.; Jessie A. Blackburn, M. S., N.S.; Edith, and Edwin Macklin, C., Ont.; Nora and Jerry Beddome, R. D. H., Sask.; Gertie Gilpin, H., Ont.; Hilde Hallonquist, B., Man.; A. M. MacLeod, F., N.S.

G. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live in the Manse in a very pretty place. From three sides of the house we can see two rivers (Black River and Grand River), and two large iron bridges across them. My sister is going to Pictou Academy and we expect her home at Christmas. We have lovely skating here in the winter, and I am longing for the winter to come. I wish to belong to the Royal League of Kindness.

HELEN MacDONALD (aged 10).

[You did not send in your pledge, Helen. Write out the pledge and sign your name to it.

S. B., Musk, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' for a long time, so I thought I would write to you to-day. I think the Royal League of Kindness is a very nice thing, and I am going to join it. I live between the C. P. R. railroad and C. N. O. railroad. The C. N. O. is about fifty yards from my home, but the C. P. R. is about two miles. There are both a Baptist and a Methodist Church here, and a Presbyterian about four miles from here. I attend the Baptist. I have six brothers and four sisters living, and one brother dead. We are going to have a temperance meeting here every month. We held the opening meeting on Thanksgiving night, and I recited and took part in a dialogue.

GRACIE MacLEOD.

O. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old and I live on a farm with my mamma and Grandma. I go to school every day and am in the Junior Second. My teacher lives just a little way from me, and I often go to school with her. I have two turkeys and three ducks, and about thirty hens.

HAROLD BARNEWALL.

S. B., Ont.

Editor,—As my sister is writing to the 'Messenger' I thought I would write too, and join the R. L. of K., as it is a good idea, and I am going to help it on. It is hunting season now, and a great many hunters are coming up here to hunt. I have read a great many books. I am reading 'What Katy Did at Home and at School,' just now. I will close with some puzzles: 1. Why is the letter R a profitable letter? 2. Why is twice ten like twice eleven are twenty-two (too)?

RUBY MacLEOD.

G., B.C.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to you, but I love to read the correspondence. My sister Nora and I take this paper together, but I let her have it in her name as she is the eldest. I have five sisters and two brothers. For pets I have two dogs, a hen, and a cat, and, of course, my dolls. I skate and like it very much. I am ten years old and I am going to join the Royal League of Kindness next time I write.

RUTH KENNY.

S. C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the last 'Messenger' that my little cousin Gladys Smith had joined the R. L. of K. and I thought I would follow her good example and do the same. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and don't know what I should do without it. I like the stories, only I wish they were all twice as long, and I think some of the drawings are very good.

CAROL NEWMAN.

E., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We came out here two years ago from Barrie, Ont. I like living in E. The street cars have started to run. I go to Queens Avenue School and I am in the Senior II. book. I have one little sister and two little baby brothers. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness.

MERLE McCULLUM (aged 10).

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence page and I thought I would write you a letter. My brother takes the 'Messenger.' Our school-house is about a mile from our place. I attend regularly and intend to be a teacher some day. I was 13 years old on my last birthday.

GRACE GILL.

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would write now. I am going to school every day, and am in the fifth class. We live out in the country on a large farm. Our house is about a mile and a half from the village of R.— I have five sisters and three brothers. I am just thirteen years old, as my birth day was last Friday. I will close with a riddle: What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow.

SNOW BALL.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Two's Company.' Helen Ames, C., Ont.
2. 'A Dog.' Gordon Stewart, F., Ont.
3. 'Dog's Head.' Raymond Lawson, S. D., Ont.
4. 'A Horse.' Flora Lawson, S. D., Ont.
5. 'The Raccoon.' Florence Jameson (age 11), K., Que.
6. 'Sheep's Head.' Foster S. Murray (age 10), E., N.S.
7. 'Pretty Polly.' Fred Braithwaite (age 15), U., Ont.
8. 'Tailor Bird.' Gardem Thompson, W., Ont.
9. 'Bird.' Florence Murray (age 8), A., Ont.
10. 'Horse's Head.' Angus M. MacLeod (age 13), F., N.S.
11. 'Our Cow.' Clarence Adams (age 12), S., B.C.
12. 'Rabbit Hutch and Rabbits.' Iva Howie (age 10), C., Ont.
13. 'A Swallow.' Edith A. Watts (age 9), G. T., P.E.I.
14. 'Rooster.' Gladys J. Carson (age 12), U., Que.

OTHER LETTERS.

Rea E. Currie, W., Ont., sends us a poem about Santa Claus, of which the last lines are:—

'If slyly we peep out of bed
Then Santa, with a nod of his head
And a wink of his eye,
He's off up the chimney without saying goodbye.'

Not bad for only eight, Rea.

Edith Lockwood, C., Ont., gets 'a ride to school every morning with the teacher.'

Gertie Gilpin, H., Ont., one of our new R. L. of K. members, sends a short letter. Gertie helps her father in his store.

Mary Bruce, M. C., P.E.I., sends New Year greetings to all. She says 'We have had lovely weather this winter so far.'

P. M., M., Ont., has twin sisters five years old named Hilda and Hazel.

Mamie Morrison, N. A., N.S., sends a riddle, but it has been asked before. Mamie has two brothers, one big one who works in the Hub pit, and one little one not yet two years old. What a big step between.

R. Mc., M., Ont., has a dog that draws him on a sleigh. 'He goes up to the corner alone and gets the paper and brings it to the house.'

Willie E. Embree, W. H., N.S., says 'We have a good time.' That's right, Willie, glad to hear it.

Nellie Moffat, B., Ont., writes 'I have a bird for my pet which is very tame. It flies around the room very much at home.' We will keep your drawing for next Christmas, Nellie.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Why He Was Not Promoted.

(Orison Swett Marden, in the 'Success.')

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
He was stung by a bad look.
His stock excuse was 'I forgot.'
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He felt that he was above his position.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He was content to be a second-rate man.
He ruined his ability by half-doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He tried to make 'bluff' take the place of ability.
He thought he must take amusement every evening.
Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.
He was ashamed of his parents because they were old-fashioned.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay-envelope.

The Flood Tide.

(Evelyn Orchard, in the 'British Weekly.')

She was a little shop-girl of no particular account in the world, enjoying a holiday, hardly earned, by the sea. It was the late autumn now, and she had dreamed of her holiday all the summer through. For she was a London girl, and this was her first glimpse of the sea. After much deliberation and study of time-tables and illustrated guide-books, which she had found plentifully at her disposal at the rooms of the Polytechnic, she had decided upon a little place on the Norfolk coast, a place not much frequented as yet, though boldly advertised as 'coming.'

She had never met anyone who had been there, and had the mind to form her own independent judgment. And hers was not a mind to which the attractions commonly accepted as popular could appeal. She was a gentle, dreamy creature, whom circumstances had cast upon the world, in which she was unfitted to strive. But though gentle, she was not weak, her mouth had a firm decided curve, and in the great house where she endured that curious form of martyrdom called 'living-in,' the long, firm line seldom left her lips. For this reason she was not a favorite, though some of her worst detractors had proved her kindness of heart. She had found the sea on the whole disappointing. Its vast loneliness oppressed one whose heaviest cross was her own peculiar isolation from her kind.

In it she found no companionship, but rather a sense of shrinking and fear. Its relentlessness and power haunted her; in the night its dull boom kept her wide-eyed upon her pillow. There were very few visitors left at Crampton Cove in the last week of September. Except for a handful of children who regularly played on the beach morning and afternoon, the little shop-girl had it mostly to herself. The rest had done her good, and though she did not know it, her face looked very sweet under the brim of her cheap sun-hat. Yes, it was quite a winsome face. Her book, which she had taken from the village library, had interested her thoroughly for nearly two hours; when she shut it at last she was surprised to see that a change seemed to have come over the spirit of the place.

The sun, which had been so bright when she sat down, had gone; in its place a thick fine sea-fog seemed to have been unrolled from some mysterious background. Across the flat, wet sands came the boom of the waves, and their foamy outline could just be seen. She rose in no way alarmed, interested in what was a phenomenon to her. And just then she heard the voices of the children, and turning her eyes in the opposite direction, saw the red skirt of the little girl making a welcome bit of color among the prevailing grey. As she walked towards them she was surprised to see that they seemed to be quite alone, playing unconcernedly among their numerous sand castles, and taking no heed of the fog. For there was neither cold nor rain with it; it had stolen in very softly, almost as if it sought something stealthily to hide.

There were three little ones, a chubby girl of nine, and her two brothers younger, the baby, a dear, fat mite, making a picture with his clothes bundled about him, and his bare legs paddling contentedly on the wet sand.

'Isn't it time you were going home, dears?' she said pleasantly, if a little timidly; 'don't you see how thick it has grown?'

'Nana is coming back,' said the little girl. 'She only went up to the village to buy herself a paper.'

Ursula nodded, but lingered, determined that she would not leave them until the nurse returned. And glancing round, she saw something in the opposite direction quite away from the sea which gave her a little start. It was the gleam of water, and she realized with a feeling of sudden sick horror that they must be on the sand-bank, and that perhaps were already quite cut off. She had often watched the rapid flow of the incoming tide just here, and the quick engulfing of the sand-bank with the big rock in the further end, which was almost, but not quite, covered at high water. And they were at least five hundred yards from the dry bents, which the tide could not reach. She said nothing to the children, but crossed the firm, hard bank of sand, and took her bearings. And sure enough the tide was around them, an encircling band on every side. It was already too broad to leap. She pulled off her shoes and stockings and waded in. But the bank sloped quickly, and in a moment she was almost beyond her depth. Her face whitened, and she looked anxiously around for a moment, not as yet seriously alarmed, because the nurse surely must hasten back quickly, and would undoubtedly bring relief. She said nothing to the children; in fact she went close to them again, and began to play with apparent unconcern, promising to make them a quite new kind of castle never before seen upon the beach. It answered for a moment, and then the little girl suddenly sounded the note of alarm.

'The sea's all round us,' she cried in terror. 'Look, Bertie, it's coming right up, and we'll be drowned like the naughty children in the book. Oh, I want Nana and Daddy and Mummy.'

Ursula comforted them, and they clung about her, forgetting that she was a stranger, only conscious of her kind face, her wet, but smiling, eyes, her air of protection, her promise of safety and rescue.

And the minutes passed. Talking softly and cheerfully to them, she gathered them about her, and climbed upon the rock, and tried to interest them with a make-believe, that they were only story-book people, and that presently they should find themselves back on the bents, and that it had never happened at all. Indeed, her own resource surprised her as nothing in her life had yet done. But steadily the water came creeping in. It lapped greedily about their rock when it had swallowed all the sand, and presently it was up to their feet, and the little girl gave a slight scream. But the boy, though his face was dead white, was quite brave.

'Gentle Jesus won't let us drown, Winnie; let's pray Him to put the sea away, and bring us back to Mummy and Daddy.'

But it was Ursula who prayed, with her face hidden in the baby's neck as he clung closely to her, too frightened even to cry. It was a curious prayer.

'Never mind me, dear God, nobody needs me or wants me, but save the little children, for their father and mother, for Jesus' sake.'

The water was very cold, and she numb, holding the heavy child with one arm, and trying to keep the two tight with the other. How long could she hold them, she wondered in agony; once they slipped it would be all over. So the dreadful moments passed. But presently there came across the dull grey of the hidden waters the steady beat of an oar. 'Listen, darlings,' she just managed to whisper. 'It's a boat, somebody is coming for us. Hold on tight; here they are.'

Then she remembered no more.

* * * * *

When Ursula came to herself, she was lying on a strange bed, and there were strange faces about her, strange, rapt, eager faces bending down as if the only matter of moment in the world was her return to consciousness.

'Where am I?' Oh, are the children all right?'

A sob from the lips of a grey-haired man close by seemed to answer her. 'Yes, all right, thanks be to God and to you—you heroine!'

Ursula smiled.

'It was awful; but they won't play there any more, will they?'

'Never; we shall go home to-morrow,' said the man, but the woman on her knees by the bed with her face hidden, never spoke.

'Their mother?' Ursula asked in an understanding whisper.

The man nodded. It was one of the supreme moments of life when the veil is lifted and there is no possibility of misunderstanding whatsoever.

'We don't know you, or who you are, but now you belong to us,' he said.

Ursula smiled again.

'I don't mind, I'm tired, and anyhow, I have no home.'

Wireless Telegraphy.

It was 'bread-and-milk time' for Mary and Jed. They sat at opposite ends of the long, supper table. Half-way between was grandfather reading the morning paper.

"'Wonderful times! wonderful times!' he said aloud. 'But I guess that's about the most wonderful discovery, so far.'

"'What is, Father?' asked grandmother from her window.

"'Why, this thing they call wireless telegraphy. It beats all how they do it, Mother. Think of sending messages to a vessel fifty miles out at sea straight through the air! No wires at all, mind you—just air!'

'Grandfather's paper dipped till his spectacles looked over the top. Then he made a discovery of his own. There was wireless telegraphy going on across his own supper table. And he could read the messages plainly.

'From Station Mary to Station Jed: "I don't want to play with you any more. I'm never going to speak to you again—so there!"'

"'Huh! who cares? I guess it isn't I,' flashed back from Station Jed. 'I'm sick of girls, anyway.'

"'Dear, dear!' thought gentle grandfather. His eye met grandmother's—more wireless telegraphy.

"'Storm brewing, eh?'

"'I'm afraid so,' telegraphed grandmother,

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

The 'Pansies' are still in full bloom, and we invite all our young readers to gather them. Ten cents each from five friends who have not been taking the 'Messenger' sent in to us with the five names and addresses will secure: 1. The 'Messenger' for three months to each of the friends. 2. A beautiful colored picture 'Pansy Blossoms,' 9 by 16 inches, to each of the club and to the club raiser. 3. A Maple Leaf Brooch to the club raiser as a reward for trouble taken.

The 'Messengers' may be sent anywhere in Canada, outside Montreal or suburbs, or to Newfoundland or the British Isles, but the pictures will all be sent to the club raiser to distribute.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

MORE WORKERS.

The following also have sent lists:—Shella Hocquard, Flaira Cool, Lizzie Price, Margaret Blair, J. Shipley, F. Mildred Douglas, Edith Hicks, Ethel Walton, Estella Wilson, Hazel Parks, Hazel Parsons, E. Donaldson, Zeda Meister, Lucy Longmire, Willie Burks, Willie Deyson, Muriel Haslam, Emerson Warren, Jennie Prosser, Maynard Parker, Amanetta Hallamore, Mrs. Abner Parker, Nellie MacDonell, Mary Crowdes, Flora C. Duncan, M. H. Johnson, Earle Bird, Elwood Miller.

anxiously. 'The bad weather signals all are out.'

"'Yes, yes, choppy sea—wind nor' by nor' east. What's to be done? We shall have a wreck here in a minute.'

Grandmother got up softly.

"'Wait,' she signaled. And she hurried out of the room. When she came back she set a little saucer of honey and a frosted cooky beside each bread-and-milk bowl. Then she went serenely back to her window.

'When the honey was all gone and the cookies, all but the holes in the middle, grandmother smiled across at grandfather.

"'What did I tell you? It takes sweetening. Don't you see that the sun's coming out?'

"'It's out,' smiled back grandfather. For from Station Jed to Station Mary another message was speeding. It warmed grandfather's old heart like sunshine to read it. 'I say,' it said, 'don't grandmother make the finest frosted cookies though?'

"'My, yes, an' grandfather's bees the honiest honey,' flashed back from Station Mary. Then a smile started from each station and met in the middle of the dining-room table, right over the vinegar cruet—you can send smiles splendidly by wireless telegraphy. The sun was shining in a beautiful way just now.

"'Fair weather signals out,' telegraphed grandmother, with one nod of her dear, white head. And grandfather went back to his newspaper with a sigh of relief. All this time not a word had been said by anybody. Oh, yes, this sending messages by wireless telegraphy is a fascinating, wonderful thing; but I think it was discovered a long time ago, don't you?'—'Boys and Girls.'

Eye-Guidance.

(Jane Ellis Joy, in 'Forward.')

'It's a gurrel of eighteen or twinty, mem, as wants to see yourself,' announced the maid, standing at the door of Miss Bertrand's room a few moments after the front-door electric bell had sounded. 'She said she was a member of your Sunday-school class, and it's cryin' she is.'

In her cozy room on the second floor Miss Bertrand was reading a magazine by the light of a prettily-shaped lamp.

'Show her up here, Joanna,' she said in a pleasant, sympathetic tone, as she closed the volume and laid it aside, while to herself she thought, 'It must be poor Minnie.'

'What a lovely house teacher has,' thought Minnie. 'It must be easy to be good in a place like this—so quiet-like and peaceful. Oh, dear!'

The young girl worked in one of the textile mills in the east side of the city, and on her way home she had stopped to see Miss Bertrand. A decidedly squalid home was Minnie's, in one of the little streets not far away.

'Miss Bertrand says as ye may step up to her room, miss, if ye please,' said the maid directly, and Minnie was soon ascending the softly-carpeted stairs.

It is not necessary to repeat the story that Minnie, with many tears and interjections of distress, related to her good friend across the cheery hearthstone. It was a tale of domestic unhappiness, of heartburnings, and misunderstanding among near relatives.

'Now, Miss Bertrand,' concluded Minnie, 'what do you think I ought to do? What can I do? Is it possible that anything can help matters? I only know I can't bear it any longer.'

'Have you taken the trouble to your Saviour, my dear?'

'I try to pray, indeed I do, Miss Bertrand; but I'm really so worried all the time that I can't put any heart in my prayers,' replied the girl brokenly between her sobs. 'That's it, Miss Bertrand, I'm so upset and provoked that I can't be as good as I would like to be—as good as I know I ought to be. If only I had peace of mind I could be religious.'

Minnie had but lately been brought into the Sunday-school, and her ideas about life and duty had been gleaned from all sorts of sources.

'My child,' said the teacher, kindly taking the trembling hand in her own, 'in ordinary matters we do not expect an effect to precede a cause. If you had perfect peace of mind, you wouldn't need to be religious. The peace you desire is, I think, the result of being religious; that is, of being, by your own choice, a child of God.'

Minnie opened her eyes wide, and repeated her friend's last words as if she but half comprehended.

'I mean, my dear,' explained Miss Bertrand, 'that I would have you think of religion not as a thing to be pursued for its own sake; but rather as one of our heavenly Father's loving provisions for our happiness. Our happiness and welfare, you see, are the real end. But don't fancy that happiness, or that peace which you so much desire, must be possessed before you give yourself to God. David cried to God out of the depths. He didn't wait for the storm to pass over. And that is what you must do now, my dear.'

'Well, I'm in "depths" sure enough,' sighed Minnie.

'You need a guide, Minnie. You know who says, "I will guide thee with mine eye"?'

'"I will guide thee with mine eye,"' repeated the young girl with another look of inquiry. She had never heard the words before, but they sounded sweet and soothing to her ears. '"I will guide thee with mine eye,"' she repeated again.

'What is it to be guided by one's eye?' asked Miss Bertrand.

'Why, when you watch the expression, you know what the person means.'

'Yes, that's it, Minnie. You watch the expression. And, in order to see the person's expression, you must be near. You couldn't be guided by an eye if you were far away from it, could you?'

The light was breaking in upon Minnie.

'Oh, I see, Miss Bertrand,' she said, looking up understandingly. 'You mean one should live close to God to get the benefit of his guidance; to see his face and know his will! Oh, how beautiful!'

Minnie rose to her feet, her countenance illuminated by the new and comforting thought. 'Good-by, dear Miss Bertrand,' she said. 'You have helped me so much. I'm sure I was guided to you to-night, though I didn't know it. Now I will keep that Eye always in sight.'

The storm was raging more furiously when Minnie found herself in the street again; but she did not seem to feel the wintry blast, or to be conscious of the shower of pelting sleet that fell upon and around her, battering the awnings and forming a crust of ice on the sidewalk.

The way home seemed not exactly straight and smooth, but pleasanter. There was a rainbow in her heart.

'An hour ago I was wretched,' reasoned Minnie, 'and now I am happy and hopeful. If God can do so much for me in an hour, how much more will he not do in a lifetime? Only I must keep near enough to see His Eye.'

Minnie's troubles did not resolve themselves immediately; but never again was she cast down or altogether unhappy. In a year or two, however, almost imperceptibly, a change came. First one difficulty righted itself, and then another. Minnie never could tell exactly how it happened that the family dissensions died out. Some people who knew of the trouble credited Minnie with being the chief agent in bringing about the change; but Minnie herself disclaimed all such praise.

'I only tried to let myself be guided by God's eye,' she told Miss Bertrand one day when they were talking about the delightful peace and attendant prosperity that had come to Minnie's home, 'and He has done all the rest.'

How the Day Was Spoiled.

'Do look at the queer little object perched up on that waggon. That hood must have come out of the ark!'

'Sho! Don't talk so loud!' said another trio of girls on the sidewalk; and the three passed on chattering of indifferent things. But the girl in the big farm waggon looked straight before her with two pink spots on her cheeks.

For months past, father had been promising to take her to town, and this had proved to be the day of redeeming that promise. She had been almost too excited to eat her breakfast. She was to see the wonders of the big city, the tall buildings, the crowded streets. Her father had even hinted that after dinner, they would go see the moving pictures. Her mother had brought out the quilted silk hood which was a sort of family heirloom, and Emily had put it on, feeling very much dressed up. And now a chance remark from a passer-by on the sidewalk had spoiled it all!

She shrank as far back in the seat as she could, afraid of meeting eyes from which that cruel amusement looked out. She was a 'queer-looking object' it seemed. She had no eyes for the big buildings or the wonders of the shop windows. The market where such throngs of people came and went had no charms for her.

'Now, how about those moving pictures?' said her father, coming back. 'What, you don't want to go? Tired of it already, eh? That's queer.' He looked disappointed himself, this big-hearted father, who had counted not a little on seeing his small daughter's delight. 'Well, if you'd rather go home, home it is.'

And the girl who had made the careless speech never knew that her words had spoiled a happy day for two.—'Home Herald.'

Her Brother's Keeper.

Helen Egerton was going out home on the 6.30 train. Just as the train was about to start a flashily-dressed girl of about Helen's age came bustling in, laughing and talking loudly to someone outside.

'That girl works in your store, doesn't she, Burnham?' said a gentleman in the seat in front of Helen to the one beside him.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'why?'

'Oh, I would watch her a little if I were you. I see a good deal of her, and I do not like the company she keeps. Besides, she dresses more than I should think she could afford to, for she has nothing but what she earns.'

'I have thought of that myself,' said the merchant; 'but I supposed she had help at home. I will have my eye on her hereafter. I do not like her manner.'

Somehow Helen found it hard to fix her attention on the notes of her afternoon's work after this. She knew the girl in question—Hester Morgan—by name. She had once been in the same class in Sunday-school with her. Why Hester had dropped out some little time before was more than Helen knew—or cared, if the truth were told.

'But you ought to have cared, and to have found out and brought her back,' whispered her newly-aroused conscience. 'You have had everything to help you and make you happy. Aren't you ashamed to be so selfish?'

'But she isn't nice. She dresses so showily and talks so loud, and goes with a fast set; I do not want to have anything to do with her,' pleaded Helen, impatiently, to herself.

'How much better would you do if you had never had any more chance than she has, and if "nice" girls let you severely alone?' said the relentless little monitor, sharply. 'Have you lifted your finger to help her? Since she has been put in your way, aren't you in a measure responsible if she goes wrong? Will your Father in heaven hold you guiltless?'

It was very vexatious, to say the least. 'I wish,' thought Helen, as she strapped her books up, 'that Hester hadn't come home on this car, or those men hadn't sat where I could hear what they said.'

'But you see she did, and you heard every word of their conversation. Don't you think perhaps God meant you to? If even not a tiny sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, do you suppose He is unmindful of the danger of one of His children?'

These questions followed Helen all the next day, and when it happened that she was de-

A Tribute From a Contemporary.

The Montreal 'Witness' has been ever since confederation and before that a national and thoroughly consistent advocate of temperance with regard to alcoholic liquors.'—Brockville 'Times.'

A Metropolitan Newspaper taking such a stand as this, needs and surely deserves the support of all temperance people. Do you give it YOUR support? Remember, the 'Weekly Witness' with the 'Messenger' for only $1.20, or if you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday School and do not now take the 'Witness,' you can get it for 80 cents for a year's trial, by cutting out this notice and enclosing with your order. For our special family club see page 15.

pined again she felt no surprise to find Hester on the same train. 'I must help her if I can,' she thought. 'God has surely put her in my way.' It was hard to go to her—Helen was ashamed to find how hard. But she did. 'Good evening,' she said, pleasantly. 'May I sit with you? I haven't seen you for a long time. I hope you haven't dropped out of our class entirely, have you?'

Hester looked thoroughly surprised for an instant, then she smiled brightly. Unknown to Helen, she had always cherished a great admiration for her, though she had no thought or hope of ever being in the least intimate with Judge Egerton's daughter. 'Well,' she answered, really trying to speak lower than usual, though Helen winced in spite of herself. 'Well, I'll tell you just how it was. I didn't care so great about going, and I didn't see as anyone cared any more about having me.'

'Didn't I tell you?' whispered conscience, triumphantly.

'I care for one. Won't you come back to please me?'

'Sure,' was the unhesitating response. That was the beginning, and Helen, once enlisted in the work, would not give up. Often she was very discouraged; many and many a time it seemed to her utterly hopeless, but still she prayed and struggled on, seeking to uplift and strengthen her weaker, more unfortunate friend.

One night Hester came to her, her eyes shining brightly through tears.

'I want to tell you what you have been to me. Mr. Burnham has just given me a much better position than I have had. He told me that I had changed very much for the better the last year, and that if I kept on he would do better yet for me. Miss Helen, I owe it all to you. You have made a friend of me; you have reached down and tried to lift me up, and I never can tell you how much I thank you and bless you for your help.'—Selected.

'Time is Money.'

Benjamin Franklin valued his time too well to waste it.

'What is the price of that book?' asked a man of Franklin's errand boy.

'One dollar, sir.'

'A dollar! It isn't worth it! Call your master.'

Franklin was called.

'I want to know the price of that book,' asked the man again. 'Your boy'—

'That book is a dollar and a quarter,' interrupted Franklin.

'A dollar and a quarter!' the man cried. 'Your boy'—

'Yes, I know,' interrupted Franklin again.

The man looked surprised.

'Come, now, Mr. Franklin, tell me, what is the very lowest price you can let me have that book for?' he asked again.

'One dollar and a half,' was Franklin's reply.

'One dollar and a half!' the man screamed; 'you just said yourself one dollar and a quarter.'

'Yes,' added Franklin, coolly; 'but the time you are making me waste with you is well worth the added half dollar.'—'Forward.'

Hannah's New Name.

(Hilda Richmond, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'A new girl came to school this morning, mamma, and she had the beautifullest name,' said Hannah. 'It was Annabel. Isn't that a lovely name? She said it out loud, as if she liked to hear it, and I always have to whisper my name to the teacher. I think Hannah is a horrid name.'

'Would you like to change it?' asked mamma, as if changing names were an everyday affair for little girls.

'O, mamma, could I? I would be the happiest girl in the whole world. I'd be Marjorie or Beatrice or Eleanor or any of the pretty names, if I only could get rid of horrid Hannah.'

'Yes, you may change it if you like,' said her mother. 'Just let us know when you decide what it will be, and we will all try to remember.'

'I'll take a week to study about it,' said Hannah. 'I want to get the very prettiest one of all because I've hated Hannah so long.'

That very day Mrs. Teller came, and when she saw Hannah she said: 'My dear, you grow more and more every day like your Aunt Hannah and your grandma. Your mamma couldn't have done better in finding you a name, for you have the same gentle, dainty ways that your auntie and grandma have. And everyone says you are doing so well in school. That is just like my little schoolmate years ago, your auntie. Hannah was always at the head of the class.'

Hnnah didn't like to say that she intended to change her name, and she was very glad her mamma did not mention it. 'When grandma and auntie are here, I'll get them to call me Hannah,' she said to herself. 'I am afraid they might not like the new name.'

The next day Hannah's sister was going to mark some new handkerchiefs to go with the washing, and she asked Hannah if she had decided what the new name should be. 'Not exactly,' said the little girl slowly. 'I guess you'd better wait a little while. I told

How Dixie Saved The Silver.

I am a small, slender, brown dog, with a long waving tail, and a pure white shirt-front. I try not to be vain, but when I am all dressed up in my collar with my name on it, and a big yellow bow, I certainly am beautiful.

I usually sleep in a box of straw down in the laundry, but one night when it was very, very cold, my missus said, 'I guess I'll put Dixie's box in the kitchen.' (She's from out West, so she 'guesses' a good deal. 'It's icy down in the laundry. It'll freeze the marrow in his little bones.' I didn't know about that marrow, but anyway I didn't want it frozen. Master answered, 'Oh it won't hurt the little heathen Chinee; his coat's thick,' but missus just went on fixing my box. It's a little way she has.

So I nestled down in the cozy kitchen and was having a lovely dream all about a beef-

'WOOOF!' WOOOF!'

steak bone, which I had taken from the little French poodle on the next block. He's such a funny little white bunch; he looks just like the little woolly dogs you buy in the stores. My missus always asks him what he's done with his wheels. Well, to go on with my dream—I had just grabbed that delicious bone and was flying home with it, when I heard 'screa-a-a-k!' 'screa-a-a-k!' from the dining-room, so I started up, wide-awake at once.

My missus often says I have no nose at all—I don't know what she calls that little black thing at the end of my muzzle—but at any rate there's nothing the matter with my ears; they're all right! So I cocked one ear and turned my head sidewise. I always listen that way. The family think it so cunning, but just then I had other things to think of than being 'cunning.'

I knew something must be wrong, so I pattered softly, oh, so softly, into the dining-room, and what do you think I saw? The window was wide open and there, in front of our sideboard, was a man, a big fellow, too. He had the silver drawer pulled 'way out and was dropping spoons and forks and things into a big bag. I knew how much my mistress loved some of those things, so I made up my mind to stop him. I couldn't rush at him; he'd see how little I am. He might even treat me as that insulting carpenter did who worked next door. When I barked at him he said, 'Shut up, you splinter, nobody's afraid of you.'

So I growled, 'Wooof! wooof!' away down deep in my chest. That growl was beautiful. It sounded like the big St. Bernard on the next street. The man jumped, grabbed his bag, and started to run, but I snarled awfully, and this time he dropped the bag and jumped through the window. Then I hurried upstairs and scratched and whined at missus' door. Master said, 'There, now, I knew that little scalawag would disturb us if he slept upstairs' and missus answered, 'Do see what he wants; something must be the matter.'

Master muttered something—I won't tell you what—and came out into the hall, rubbing his eyes and saying, crossly: 'Here, you imp, what's the matter with you?' I pranced toward the stairs and back again until he followed me. As soon as we reached the dining-room he saw at once what had happened. He stooped down and patted me, saying, 'Good old Dixie. Can't fool you, can they, old fellow!' Then missus came down, too, and hugged me up in her arms.

Since then, I try not to 'walk proud,' but it's pretty hard!—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

Cousin Hannah about it, and she said she liked her name. I did think of Marjorie, but Ruth calls her black doll that, and Mamie calls her nasty little dog Beatrice, and there's something wrong with all the names. I think —yes, I know I'll just stick to my own. You may mark them Hannah, and I'll like them just as much as if they said Emily or Elizabeth or anything else.'

And what do you think happened that very day? Aunt Hannah came for a surprise, and she had the most beautiful little locket with 'Hannah' on it, and her picture and grandma's inside, for the little girl who was named for both of them. 'Mamma, I'm so glad I decided before auntie got here,' said Hannah, hugging her treasure. 'Wouldn't it have been dreadful if Marjorie or Emily or Beatrice would have missed this locket?'

The Mouse That Nibbled the Cheese.

(The Rev. S. B. Dunn, in the New York 'Observer.')

A tragical tale I tell,
That never before was told;
So listen and mark it well—
A lesson for young and old.
The briefest words of mine
Will cover the case with ease;
The tale I tell
Is what befell
The mouse that nibbed the cheese.

A cunning mite of a mouse,
Too cute for pussy cat,
In darkness roamed the house,
Feeling as big as a rat.
When lo! An innocent trap
With bait the mouse would seize;
And now 'tis dead,
Its spirit fled,
Because it nibbled the cheese.

Poor mouse! How sad thy fate!
Thy life the forfeit paid.
All for a tempting bait
Thou prostrate art laid!
The terrible risk was run
Thy dainty palate to please.
I cannot laugh
At thy epitaph;
'The Mouse that Nibbled the Cheese.'

But art thou all alone?
Nay, two-legged mice abound;
And many who bleed and groan,
In human traps are found.
Whenever a fatal taste
Becomes a dire disease,
They die forlorn,
A brother's scorn,
Like mice that nibble the cheese.

Then what is my advice
To stop the sad mishap?
Why, warn the silly mice,
And smash the wicked trap.
Spare not the subtle foe,
But smite him to his knees.
To shun the fate,
Avoid the bait,
And nibble no more the cheese.

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

Of course you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say, 'Thank you,' when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say 'Thank you' when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

'Where are my gloves?' cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. 'Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!'

'Here they are, Jack,' mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. 'I put them away for you when you left them lying about.'

And perhaps Jack says, 'Oh!' and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says 'Thank you.' We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying, 'Thank you,' for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say 'Thank you' whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—'Great Thoughts.'

Different Opinions.

Four blind men happened to be at a fair where there was an elephant, and each touched it as it passed. When they compared notes, one, who had touched its side, said an elephant is like a wall; another, who had felt its trunk, said an elephant was like a rope; another, who had touched its leg, said an elephant is like a tree; and the man who had handled its ear, said an elephant was like a big leather bag. Each thought the other wrong. Are we not all apt to see things only from our own point of view?—Selected.

How a Dog Saved a Horse.

When I was a boy our folks owned a dog called Rover. No dog-fancier would have taken a second look at him on account of his pedigree, for he had none. But this deficiency was well supplied by brave, intelligent doghood.

There wound through our farm a spring stream with high, precipitous banks on one side, while the ground sloped gradually on the opposite side to banks as high or higher. Not far from the house and by this stream we staked out one of the horses, so that it could reach the tender, juicy grass close to the edge of the water. The high-water mark and flood probabilities were not understood, so disregarded.

One night in early spring there came one of those sudden, flooding rains so characteristic of central Kansas twenty years ago. Some time in the night Rover came to the doorway of our partially built house where we were camping out, and barked fiercely. As marauders of various kinds were not uncommon, we were suspicious. After barking a few times in a way indicating that something unusual had happened, he ran rapidly toward the stream. In a few minutes we heard his pattering feet again as he bounded up to the doorway, barking more fiercely than ever.

Following him this time, he led us to the horse which stood in the still rising deep water, with its nose drawn down, pulling vigorously. As near as he could get to the horse stood Rover, making his only effort, by barking and tail-wagging, to release the horse. We waded in, severed the rope, and saved the horse, much to the delight of Rover. —'C. E. World.'

A Motherly Gobbler.

Mr. Morris once owned a gobbler that possessed the maternal instinct in the superlative degree.

Mr. Gobbler was determined to set. Sometimes it was on apples, sometimes on potatoes, and at last, all else being taken from him, he pushed some corn-cobs into one corner of a manger and tried again.

Mr. Morris decided that if the old fellow 'would' set, he might as well do it to some purpose, and accordingly gave him a 'setting' of hen's eggs. He was faithful to the task imposed upon him, and at the end of three weeks 'came off' very proudly with his family of chicks.

For the first few days he was very proud of his chicks, and strutted around the yard taking the best of care of them. One day Mr. Morris took some friends to the chicken-yard to see the funny sight, and they laughed considerably, for the brood and their foster-mother certainly presented a comical appearance. Mr. Gobbler seemed to realize that they were making fun of him, and from that time on, whenever he saw a stranger approaching he would walk away and pay no attention to his charges until the people were out of sight.

Notwithstanding his difficulties with visitors, he successfully raised his little brood until they left him of their own free will and went to roost with the older chickens.—'C. E. World.'

A Lamb That Loved Olive.

A few years ago my little six-year-old Olive was presented with a young lamb, which was brought up by hand, and which soon became a great pet. He quickly grew to love Olive and her little brother, and was often let out of the pen where the sheep were kept, to become an interested participant in all their romping games.

As the warm days of May came on, it became necessary to drive the sheep to a distant pasture, but Olive pleaded so earnestly for her pet that she was finally allowed to keep him at home. At about the same time Olive and her brother began to attend the district school. The lamb, missing both his four-legged and two-legged friends, immediately became very lonesome and inclined to stray from home, so that it was thought best to tie him to an apple-tree not far distant. But poor Dickany rebelled at this indignity, and bleated incessantly.

One day he broke his rope, and we found him in the back room chewing his cud and peacefully standing by Olive's old familiar dress, which hung low down upon a nail.

This gave us an idea, and when Dickany went back to the apple-tree, the dress went too, and was hung on a branch where he could reach it.

After this the lamb stopped bleating and led a very quiet and happy life, wearing his rope with patience in school hours, and bounding and jumping with joy when the children returned at night.—'C. E. World.'

A New Year's Greeting.

The New Year number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is a mid-winter souvenir. It depicts many of the phases of that out-door life of the opening months of the year that are so typically, as well as exclusively Canadian. Out-door sports and out-door labor are illustrated and give a crisp snappy atmosphere to the whole issue. The man of the month is the newly-installed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. J. W. Gibson. The new fiction department has a remarkable feature in a story which secured the first prize of $1,500 in a New York competition this month. It will well repay reading, and it is published by special arrangement. The doings of the world are represented by striking scenes in distant parts of the British Empire, as well as under the flags of other nations. In the department devoted to feminine interests will be found an article on New Year gifts of 'ye olden tyme' that will surprise almost everybody. The musical offering of the months is one of those English rollicking songs that everybody can learn.

If you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday-school, but would like to take the 'Pictorial,' why not try the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' one year each for ONLY $1.35, our regular club offer for these two splendid publications?

Or, if you wish the 'Pictorial' alone, use the following coupon and you can have a ONE DOLLAR paper for only seventy-five cents (.75c).

.. ..

COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (.75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

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Puss in Her Savage State.

Wild Cats, which were formerly quite at home in all the forests of Germany, are now only to be found in the thickest parts of the woods of that country, among rocks and dark ravines. To the deer they are most dangerous enemies. The huntsman, therefore, at all times of the year, is constantly on the look-out for them. Now and then they are shot, but more frequently they are caught in iron traps. The wild cat is wonderfully skilful in climbing and jumping, and darts from high trees down upon her prey—squirrels, birds of all kinds, hares, and even grown-up deer. She thrusts her claws into the neck of her victim, and bites into its spine with her sharp teeth.

Now and then a wanderer in the forest may chance to overlook a scene such as that shown in our illustration, where a wild cat, who has caught a squirrel for supper, is gambolling about with her kittens. These are as pretty and as playful as the tame kittens with which we are all so well acquainted. They are somewhat larger, and with finer tails. Their mother, too, it will be noticed, has a very handsome bushy tail, like that of the Angora cats so common in France. Wild cats are larger as well as stronger and more active than the domestic cat.—J.F.C., in 'Chatterbox.'

The Man's Boot.

In a dark wood, where wild beasts lived, there once lay a man's boot. How it came there I cannot say, for no man had been there; at least, the wild beasts had not seen one in all their lives. But there the boot was; and, when the beasts saw it, they all came round to find out what it was. Such a thing was quite new to them; but they were not much at a loss, for all that.

'Well, there is no doubt as to what it is, I say,' said the bear.

'Oh, of course not,' said the wolf and the goat and all the beasts and birds in one breath.

'Of course,' said the bear, 'it is the rind of some kind of fruit off a tree,—the fruit of the cork, I should say. This is cork, it is plain to see,' and he showed the sole of the boot.

'Oh, just hear him, just hear him!' cried all the beasts and birds.

'It's not that at all,' said the wolf, with a glance of scorn at the bear. 'Of course, it is some kind of nest. Look! Here is the hole for the bird to go in at, and here is the deep part for the eggs and young ones to be safe. No doubt at all, of course not!'

'Oh, oh!' cried the bear and the goat and all the birds and beasts, 'just hear what he says. It is not that at all.'

'I should think not,' said the goat. 'It is quite a plain case. Look at this long root!' and he showed the string at the side of the boot. 'It is the root of a plant, of course.'

'Not a bit of it!' cried the wolf

and the bear—'not a bit of it! A root! How can you say so? It is not that, we can all see.'

'If I might speak,' said an old owl, who sat in a tree near, 'I think I can tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot.'

A what! cried all the beasts and birds. 'What is a man? and what is a boot?'

'A man,' said the owl, 'is a thing with two legs, that can walk and eat and talk like us; but he can do much more than we can.'

'Pooh, pooh!' cried they all.

'That can't be true,' said the beasts. 'How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four? It is false, of course.'

'Of course it is, if they have no wings,' said the birds.

'Well,' went on the owl, they have no wings, and yet it is true. And they can make things like this; and they call them boots, and put them on their feet.'

'Oh, oh! cried all the beasts and birds at once. 'How can you? For shame! Fie on you! That is not true, of course. It cannot be.'

'A likely story!' said the bear.

'Can do more than we can!' said the wolf.

'Wear things on their feet!' cried they all. 'On the face of it, your story is not true. We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be?'

'Of course, they could not,' said the bear. 'It is false.'

'It must be false,' cried all the birds and beasts. 'You must leave the wood,' they said to the old owl. 'What you say cannot be true. You are not fit to live with us. You have said what you know is false. It must be, of course.'

And they chased the poor old owl out of the wood, and would not let him come back.

'It is true for all that,' said the owl.

And so it was.— The 'Nursery.'

FOR THE LITTLE MOTHERS

A SEWING CIRCLE.

Who has not played the jolly game, 'Will you join Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle?' We have another sewing circle in mind—of little Aunt Sally and her friends sewing for their dollies. Don't you want to form a sewing circle, making new clothes to ''sprise them' for Christmas, and have patterns of your own like the big folks, only ever so much simpler?

Get four little girls to join you and collect five cents from each. Send the money to us or better still, get mother to send it for you, (twenty five cents in stamps would do), and we will send to you five doll's pattern sets, very simple and easy to cut. They are all one size, for doll of 12 to 10 inches high, but you can cut larger or smaller to suit. Each set gives patterns for several garments. We select the styles from our stock; you distribute them to your little friends, and then the members of the club get together to sew, changing round their patterns so that all the dollies can share the styles. Wouldn't it be fun? Who'll be the first 'Aunt Sally?'

If you want these patterns you must write quickly, for we have only a certain number. They were so popular last year that we got all the maker had left, and when these are gone we can't get any more like them this season. Single orders for one set cannot be filled at less than ten cents, or two sets for fifteen cents.

This cut shows one set. No two sets alike in the five we send out to the 'Sewing Circle.'

Address your envelope Pattern Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Be sure to mark on the top of your letter, inside, the words, 'Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle.'

Edgar's Soldier Lesson.

Really it was too bad. Edgar was going out to play soldier. He slipped on the steps and twisted his ankle.

'My little lad must go to bed and get well,' said Mamma Gates.

'Bo-boo!' howled Eddy.

Uncle Caspar looked up from his paper and smiled.

'I don't want to go to bed. I want to go and be a soldier,' sobbed poor Edgar.

'But if your ankle is not bathed and put to bed, you will be very lame to-morrow.'

'I don't care,' whined Eddy. 'I don't want to go to bed,'

'I thought you were playing soldier,' said Uncle Caspar. 'What does a solder do?'

Edgar looked up puzzled. 'He marches and he drums.' Eddy looked at his drum and began to cry again.

'Is that all he does?'

'He doesn't have to go to bed,' whined Eddy.

'But sometimes he gets hurt badly. He is shot in battle. Then what does he do?' Does he howl and cry?'

Now, Uncle Caspar was an old soldier whom Eddy admired very much.

'No-o-o! I guess not: I don't know,' said the boy.

'No. He goes to the hospital. There he is as brave as when he drums and marches.'

Edgar wiped his eyes and looked eagerly at his uncle. 'Is going to bed and not crying being a soldier?' he asked.

'Yes, my boy; that is the bravest part of it. Now let me be the ambulance—that's a waggon, you know—and take you to the hospital.'

Uncle Caspar picked up Eddy in his arms and carried him gently to his chamber.

'Now I'm going to be a good soldier,' said the boy, with a smile. He did not wince when his uncle felt the sore ankle and bound it up.

'That's a brave lad, Eddy,' said his uncle. 'Now play it does not hurt, and go to sleep.'

Half an hour later Eddy was dreaming. He looked like a brave little corporal taking his rest.

Uncle Caspar hung up Eddy's flag and gun where he could see them when he awoke. The drum with the soldier cap upon it was placed on the bed. Edgar limped downstairs the next day, and went into camp on the sofa. He whined and complained no longer. He had learned a lesson, that a brave man is patient in suffering.—'Little Men and Women.'

Two Ways.

When Cousin Alice pays a call
She takes her cards so neat and small;

She always wears her finest frock;
She stays ten minutes by the clock;

Then says 'Good-by,' and comes away
Without one single bit of play.

Why, on our square we shouldn't call
Such visits any fun at all.

I run across to Bessie's door,
In plain old dress and pinafore,

And Bessie's very sure to say,
'Take off your hat, and then let's play.'

We make a playhouse on the floor;
I stay an hour, and sometimes more,

And oh, such games! I wouldn't do
Like Alice for the world; would you?

Oh, our's is much the nicer way:
'Take off your hat, and then let's play.'

—'Little Folks.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

'He Knoweth the Way I Take.'

I know not the way all before me,
The joys or the grief it shall bring.
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring:
But there's One who will journey beside me.
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort,
'He knoweth the way that I take.'

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting.
And know not the right from the wrong,
No beckoning finger directs me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my Guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain, or lake;
Whatever the darkness about me,
'He knoweth the way that I take.'

And I know that the way leadeth homeward,
To the land of the pure and the blest,
To the country of ever fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fever to slake;
What matter, then, hardship and trial—
'He knoweth the way that I take.'

—'Everybody's Paper.'

If Love is Waning.

(By Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.')

A great deal of the heart sorrow in this world might be avoided if people would only learn to treat love with the same degree of common sense with which they attend to the other affairs of life. When a man and woman are engaged in a business partnership they usually try to act like reasonable human beings. If questions arise that introduce the element of discord they don't fly off in a tangent at the first word of disagreement. If one partner has one opinion and the other partner thinks differently about the matter, they don't make it the occasion of a protracted dispute. Instead, they sit down calmly and talk the matter over. They thresh the question out, considering one phase after another, and, finally, they come to some sort of a harmonious agreement.

This is the way in which good business men transact their affairs. Those who act differently don't succeed in doing business together very long. Yet, while most people know that this is true—while they realize that this is the only manner in which two persons can get along together with any degree of harmony—many of them change their tactics entirely just as soon as they get into their own homes. The rules of conduct that they would naturally apply in the business world are promptly forgotten the moment that they enter the domestic world, and instead of trying to find a basis of agreement they let the element of discord drag them into all sorts of unpleasant complications.

The idea that a clergyman can take two individuals and, by repeating a few words of marriage service, make them one may be all right in theory, but it is a dangerous theory when we place too much dependence upon it. Individuality is a hard factor to eliminate. The brief marriage ceremony may make the two persons as one in some respects, but it is rarely that we find a genuine merging of the two individualities. Long before the days of the honeymoon have passed some element of discord generally intrudes upon this period of happiness, and from the day that the first misunderstanding presents itself the success of the union hangs in the balance.

The trouble with most of us is that while our love is blind to one another's faults during the period of courtship we are very apt to change our perspective soon after we have married. As we gradually become familiar with the traits and mannerisms that have seemed so attractive to us in the past we begin to find time to detect the existence of some characteristics that are not quite so agreeable. Thus, one by one the little faults that each of us have possessed begin to assert themselves, and we, with our eyes now wide open for the perception of these unpleasant qualities, at last commence to discover that we have actually married a human being and not the hero or the angel that our fancy pictured.

This may be a sad awakening, if we are inclined to make it so. It is only necessary that we should go on, dragging one element of discord after another into our lives, to wreck this union absolutely. If we allow our thoughts to become fixed upon our individual faults, to the complete exclusion of the individual virtues, we might as well part at once, for when the tie that binds two hearts together begins to chafe continuously it is time that it should be severed.

And yet, even at this time, things would not be so hopeless if we would show a little inclination to make the best of the situation. If you really loved the little woman whom you have married, my boy—or if you, my dear madam, once truly loved the big, thoughtless lad to whom you have bound yourself for better or for worse—it is no easy thing to kill that love. It may sleep so soundly that you might even imagine that it had died; it may change until, in its waning, you are almost inclined to doubt if it ever really existed; but, take my word for it, true love does not die as easily as all that. It may be revived if you will pay a little attention to it. You can save it, regardless of what has happened, if you will just exercise a little of your ordinary common sense.

Thus, instead of ever thinking about the sorrows and disappointments that love may have brought into your life, begin to think about its joys and its pleasures. Close your eyes and think about this loved one of yours as he used to appear to you before you discovered that he had any such things as weak points about him. Paint a mental picture of him just as he seemed to you when you loved him most! Recall all the happy moments you have spent together, and stop thinking about these unhappy ones. If there are two or three occasions that were so distinctly happy that you can remember them vividly, shut your eyes tightly and live them all over again. Talk with this loved one about these times, and when things threaten to go wrong try to exert the same degree of self-control that you would exercise if the disagreement was with a comparative stranger.

In brief, this is a positive remedy for waning love. Of course, to be effective, it is necessary that the love should once have actually existed. If the love was there, however, and is now simply sleeping, you will be surprised to discover how quickly this mode of treatment will revive it.

Novel Way of Baking Biscuits

Oftimes when the busy housewife desires hot biscuit for her Sunday tea or luncheon she discovers that the oven is not hot enough to bake them. In such emergencies try baking them in muffin rings on a griddle. This is really an excellent plan and has been well tested. In fact, hot bread baked in this way makes a pleasant change occasionally from ordinary biscuit. One is sure of results, too, which is not always the case when the oven is used.

The biscuit batter should for this purpose be a little thinner than the ordinary batter. If made as follows the biscuit will be light and fluffy: Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cups of flour. Rub in a piece of butter—about a tablespoonful—and carefully mix the whole with two scant cups of milk. Grease your griddle with beef fat, not butter, as that burns so easily, and not lard, as that gives a bad taste to the biscuit. Grease the muffin rings also, and place them on the griddle. Fill them half full with the mixture. Cover the griddle with a pan or deep tin cover, and let them cook slowly—rising before they are brown. If the fire beneath them is too hot they will burn. As in everything else, common sense is needed in this matter.

Some housekeepers would call these English muffins, but they are not, for English muffins proper are raised over night with yeast, and are generally served split and roasted.—N. Y. 'Tribune.'

A Unique Set of Views.

Last summer the attention of the civilized world was focussed on the Dominion of Canada, and in particular on Quebec, where the most wonderful pageants were enacted that the world has perhaps ever seen. Thousands upon thousands were there to see; thousands upon thousands enjoyed and still treasure the many pictures issued showing the various scenes in which King and courtier, soldier and citizen, Indians and pioneer settlers mingled in tableaus of almost unparalleled magnificence.

But pictures have their limitations, and for this reason we welcomed an opportunity to put before our readers a unique series of stereographs of the wonderful Tercentenary scenes.

Stereoscopes are no novelty; almost every family through the country has one (though we can supply those who have not), but not every family has a good set of stereoscopic views, in other words stereographs.

Now there are stereographs and stereographs. We have ourselves supplied stereographs that were exceedingly good in their way—we have them still for those who want them—but these new stereographs, made by a special stereoscopic camera with special lenses and on special plates, and with the very latest photographic methods are something wholly different.

As you look at them through the stereoscope you forget they are mere pictures, you forget even that you are looking at pageantry at all; it seems as though you must be an unseen observer of stirring scenes of long ago—and that the figures before you are living, breathing, and all but speaking, men, women and children.

We believe the well-known Keystone View Company, with whom we have made these special arrangements, are the only firm that can supply stereographs covering the entire events of the Quebec Tercentenary, and these sets are being bought on every hand.

The full set comprises over a hundred views, but we have had a selection of six dozen made for our readers, comprising the best and most interesting of these really wonderful photographs, to which we can not do justice in words at all. You must see them to appreciate them. The set of six dozen we have again subdivided into twelve groups of six each, so that, though a full set may for the present be out of the reach of most people, at least half a dozen may be secured as a start for a collection. A study of the titles (full list on application) will show you how wide the range is and how well the selections have been made.

OUR OFFER.

We are prepared to give HALF a DOZEN of these stereographs, i.e., one group you select out of the twelve groups of stereographs, to any subscriber to the 'Messenger' on any one of the four following plans:—

(1) For FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

(2) For ONE GENUINE new subscriber to 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscription to the same publication at 50 cents.

(3) For ONE GENUINE new subscriber to the 'Canadian Pictorial,' at $1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscriber to the same publication at 50 cents.

(4) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50.

In any of these offers two six months' subscriptions may count as one yearly subscription.

For CONDITIONS of this offer, see those governing all premiums—on another page.

After getting one set of six stereographs, you may get other subscribers in the same way and earn more groups of six views each, or if unable to get more subscribers you may purchase them from us at the regular rate of $1.00 per each half dozen.

This is really a great opportunity. At present we make the offer open for the next two months, but we are not sure that we will be able to extend that time, so that we would strongly urge our subscribers to act at once. The premium will, we know, be a continual source of pleasure to the whole family.

Send the money to us by money order, postal note or registered letter.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families

given free as a return for a little pleasant w ork in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expresely stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums — quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subscription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

CONDITIONS OF ALL PREMIUM OFFERS:

A. Subscriptions sent in for premiums may be for Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland, the British Isles, or someof the postpaid countries mentioned in list on page 8; but not for other places, except by special arrangement.

B. A subscription claiming to be new must mean an actual increase in our subscription list—a subscription transferred from one person to another can not be counted as new.

C. No one may count his own subscription even if new, where a new one is called for, as that requires no work, and premiums are a reward for work done. Where renewals are called for it, one's one may be counted.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.

Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SCHOLAR'S BIBLE.

A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

CUTTING SHEARS.

Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Good tempered steel. Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

CHILD'S TABLE SETS.

Three styles and grades of these attractive little sets, consisting of silver plated knife, fork and spoon in neat satinette-lined box. Will delight the little folks. A splendid Christmas present for the small brother or sister.

No. 1: Dainty and plain, beaded edge. Pretty and durable. Given for ONLY ONE RENEWAL and ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

No. 2: Red Riding Hood Set. Triple plate handle of Fork and Spoon illustrating the famous old nursery tale. Very attractive. Given for TWO NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Aberdeen Set—extra heavy plate—prettily chased design on handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

THREE USEFUL JACK-KNIVES.

No. 1: A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

No. 2: Only one blade, but extra large and strong, of fine tempered Sheffield steel. Polished hard wood handle with hole for chain or cord. A man's practical knife. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Two blades, hard wood handle, good steel. Chain and swivel to prevent its getting lost. A splendid knife for a school boy. Given for ONE RENEWAL and ONLY ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' each at 40 cents.

A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.

No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; fine tempered steel, buckhorn handles. Free for only ONE RENEWAL and FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.

Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH PIN.

One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents (or Maple Leaf Stick Pin, if preferred.)

GIRL'S PEN KNIFE.

Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pear' to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Nessenger,' at 40 cents.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 1.—A very serviceable article, in black only; imitation seal—nine inches long—inside pocket, with small coin purse to match. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 2.—The stylish Squaw' bag (nine inches) in soft leather, tan, brown, or black, cut leather fringe and ring handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SET OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

Handsome set of three combs, extra strong, rich brown tortoise, ornamented with brilliants.

Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

LADIES' LEATHER PURSE.—The new 'Envelope' design, with two flaps and fasteners—in black or brown leather, with finger strap. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents.

GOLD NIBBED FOUNTAIN PEN.

A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sold at $1.50 to $1.75. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

See 'King's Book,' Stereographs, and other premium offers elsewhere in this issue.

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. If short one RENEWAL, add 15 cents; if short one NEW subscription, add 25 cents.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

THE KING'S BOOK

The 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' published in popular form by direct command of His Majesty, King Edward, is certainly the 'book of the year.' Three splendid volumes giving much of the private correspondence of our Late Beloved Queen, and taking the people into the confidence of Court and Cabinet as has never been done before. The work was issued first in 1907 at a price of over $15.00. Now all can have the very same matter in three volumes, bound in crimson cloth and illustrated, at the very low price of $1.50. Supplied from this office. The King wants all his subjects to have this work, and they will all loyally respond so far as at all possible.

Besides supplying it by mail to any of our subscribers for $1.50 (POSTAGE EXTRA, 25 cents), we offer it on a premium basis as follows:—

1. One set complete as a premium for SEVEN GENUINE new subscriptions sent in at 40 cents each to the 'Messenger.' (This offer could be used to secure it for School or Sabbath School Library.)

2. One RENEWAL and one NEW subscription and a set of the books to each subscriber for only $3.50.

3. One RENEWAL and two NEW subscriptions and a set of books to each subscriber for only $5.00.

These books, secured on a premium basis, are sent postpaid.

N.B.—The usual conditions govern this as all other premium offers. See another page.

Remit by money order, postal note or registered letter to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HEARTY TRIBUTES.

'The 'Witness' EXERTS A MOST BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE in the homes and hearts of our people.'—The Late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada.

'The 'Witness' has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of COURAGE AND SINCERITY.'—R. L. Borden, Leader of the Conservative Party.

'The Montreal 'Witness' is NEVER INFLUENCED BY MERE PARTY FEELINGS.'—Chatham 'Commercial.'

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'The 'Witness' DESERVES THE GOOD WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID OF IT.'—'Christian Guardian.'

The friends of the 'Witness' will do it a service by showing these testimonials to their friends. Those who do not know it may safely try it on such recommendations as these.

See the subscription rates elsewhere in this paper.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MINISTER OR TEACHER

'World Wide' Cartoon Number.

If your minister or teacher does not take 'World Wide,' they would be greatly interested in the annual cartoon number of 'World Wide,' which gives a selection from the best cartoons of the year, also a complete index to the year's contents besides the usual numbers of articles. Gives a splendid idea of the scope of 'World Wide.' Price, five cents, to any address.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is by all odds the best illustrated magazine in Canada and the best on the market for the money. Beautiful enamelled paper. Best of ink and printing. Crowded with exquisite photogravures. Song and story lend an added charm. To see it is to want it. A pleasure to every member of the household. A source alike of education and entertainment.

JANUARY ISSUE.

The January issue will be a splendid Mid-Winter Number. Winter sports and outdoor work in snowy weather, etc.

A $1,500.00 prize story and a rollicking old English ballad, (words and music complete) form two of the many attractions.

Annual Subscriptions

to the 'Canadian Pictorial' include all special numbers,

$1.00 A Year to any address

In Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs, or in the British Isles, a club of three renewals for only $2.25. One renewal and two new subscriptions for only $1.50. A dainty gift card sent

WITH EACH GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.

Not too late yet for a New Year's greeting to your friend.

Wherever the 'Pictorial' goes, it wins a warm welcome. Try it in your home for a year, either alone or in connection with the valuable clubbing offers given elsewhere in this issue.

'THE PICTORIAL' PUBLISHING COMPANY,

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

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Four copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to separate addresses, three of which are bona fide new subscribers for only.....	$1.00
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The 'Northern Messenger' and 'World Wide'.....	1.75
The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Canadian Pictorial'.....	1.00
The 'Northern Messenger' the Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for.....	1.70

For all four papers see our Special Family Club, on page 15.

For brief description of these publications see "A Splendid Group" page 15.

Every 'Messenger' reader should take advantage of one of these **Special Clubbing** offers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

SEND $1 Receive 5 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

LADIES' SUITS, $7.50 to $18.

Tailored to order. Beautiful Dress Skirts, $3 to $9: Winter Cloaks, $5 to $10. Send to-day for cloth samples and new style book. They are free.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Can.

Syhopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Selected Recipes.

DELICIOUS VEGETABLE SOUP.—2 Carrots, 2 Onions, 1 Turnip, 3 pieces of Celery, 1 tablespoonful chopped Parsley, 2 tablespoonfuls Flour, 2 ozs. Butter, 5 pints Water, ½ pint Milk, Salt and Pepper.

Slice the vegetables, put into a large pan with the butter, stir over the fire for five minutes, now add the water (boiling), and simmer for two hours. If the vegetables are now quite tender, rub through wire sieve, return to the pan, add the flour mixed smoothly with the milk, stir until it boils, add the seasoning and finely chopped parsely; serve at once.

LEICESTER PUDDING.—8 ozs. Flour, 4 ozs. Suet, 4 ozs. Sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls Bread Crumbs, grated rind of 1 Lemon, 1 Egg, 2 tablespoonfuls Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon Salt, Milk, 3 tablespoonfuls Jam.

Chop the suet finely, mix all dry ingredients together, add the beaten egg, and sufficient milk to mix lightly. Well grease a pudding basin, put the jam at the bottom, pour in mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam for 3 hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

ROLLED PLAICE OR SOLE.—A nice thick Plaice, 1 oz. Butter, 1 oz. Flour, Salt, and Lemon Juice, ½ pint Water, ¼ pint Milk.

Fillet the plaice, remove the dark skin, sprinkle each fillet with salt and lemon juice, roll up, with the skinned side inside; tie with tape, and place in a buttered dish, cover with greased paper; cook in moderate oven for 15 minutes. Put the bones of the fish with the water, simmer half an hour, strain off the stock. Melt the butter in a pan, add the flour, then the milk gradually, stir until it boils, add a little of the fish stock to make the consistency of thick cream. Dish up the fillets, add the liquor in the dish to the sauce, boil up, season and pour over the fish, garnish with parsley and cut lemon.

WATER BISCUITS.—1 lb. Flour, 2 ozs. Butter, 1 Egg, 1 small teaspoonful Salt, Water.

Rub the butter into the flour, add the salt, make a bay in the centre, put in the beaten egg and enough water to mix to a very stiff paste. Knead it well, roll it up in a damp cloth, and let it stand for an hour or two; then roll out thinly, cut into rounds, prick well with a fork. Place on greased baking sheets, and bake in moderate oven till of a golden color (about ten minutes). These biscuits are very nice served with butter or cheese.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

PRETTY NEGLIGEE GARMENTS.

2629.—Ladies' princess combination corset-cover and open drawers.—Lonsdale muslin, Persian lawn, nainsook, or jaconet are all desirable materials for these dainty under garments. Six sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

2655.—Ladies' kimono wrapper and sack.—Flannel, cashmere, flannelette, albatross and challis are all suitable materials for this model. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.

2621.—Ladies' one-piece work apron.—Chambray, linen, duck, or Indian-head cotton are all suitable for this style. Three sizes, small, medium and large.

2631.—Ladies' slip, with replum, front or back closing and dart-fitting, or leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Six sizes, 32 to 46.

2091.—Ladies' dressing-sack, with elbow sleeves. A charming model for cashmere, challis, flannel or flannelette. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern .....
as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and addresses clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

A Lesson That Paid.

There was, says the editor of the New York 'Observer,' a bright and clever boy among my schoolmates in Boston more than fifty years ago, whose father was a shrewd but irreligious man. One day the boy astonished us all by the announcement that he was going to learn the Book of Proverbs in the Bible by heart. He undertook the task, and won the fifty dollars which his father had offered as a prize for his work. But he won far more. If I were asked to explain how it was that as this boy grew to manhood he became rich and honored, and in the estimate of the world a most fortunate man, I do not think that the explanation would be far to seek. It would be well for us as a people if there were more fathers who valued Solomon at a high figure and more boys who could learn and remember his words.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

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Single Copies	$ .40 a year
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Postage included for Canada (montreal and Suburbs excepted), Newfoundland and the British Isles; also for Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Ceylon, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia Gibraltar, Hongkong, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Malta, Mauritius, New Zealand, Northern Nigeria, Sarawak, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Southern Nigeria, Transvaal, Trinidad Tobago, Turk's Island and Zanzibar.

U. S. Postage 10c extra to the United States, Alaska Hawaiian and Philippine Islands except in clubs, to one address, when each copy will be fifteen cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

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